

## Karma bites you hard

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"Mike, come to my office at four p.m. today during your coffee break."

"What? Oh, okay, sure," Mr. Fudge. Mike continued to arrange a venue for the shooting of the movie *The Castle Adventure*. Around him people ran around carrying cameras, video cameras, make up, costumes and even giraffes were roaming around the set in order to shoot one scene. Cameras were rolling while actors recited their lines. Michael thought actors were too dramatic and too much of the movie budget paid their salaries.

"We need more money with the sets, that's the real beauty of a movie not these people dressed in ridiculous costumes saying even more ridiculous lines written by some whack job," he muttered through gritted teeth while biting on his lips. He had been doing this so much lately that his lips were starting to drip crimson red blood, not that he noticed. There were purple bags at the bottom of his eyes and he didn't exactly walk, he sulked. This was the result of staying up all night working on the set of the movie. When someone told him to take a break he would simply wave the suggestion away and yell at the person and tell them to go back to work.

"Mr. Poway?"

"What do you want?" Mike turned around and his eyebrows slanted down and his nose scrunched up as wrinkles gathered on his forehead. The intern gripped the edges of his clipboard so hard until the tips of his fingers were white.

"Lillian Castle is already booked for a wedding. Woodrow Castle is available for shooting though."

"NO! NO! NO! Woodrow Castle is a pile of garbage. Not to mention it's tinier than my house and rats are creeping around in every corner. The whole place is dirty and filthy and cleaning it up for a shoot would take thousands away from our budget. I want it at Lillian Castle."

"Sir, I told you that it's booked already. Woodrow is the only castle available in this area."

"Do I look like I care?" Mike pointed a frail finger at his face to emphasis his point and he frowned. The intern looked at his face with a look of pure horror.

"Sir, I'm sorry, but it really is the only place left"

"I said I wanted Lillian Castle and I really don't care about what you have to do to get it. I want it okay? And you're going to get it for me." The intern scurried off leaving Mike to remember to fire him first thing tomorrow. Interns would beg for their jobs. They would tell him they really wanted to be here and that they deserved to and Mike would just smile and say, "You're dismissed. Now get out of my sight."

By the age of thirty-two he had already fired thirty assistants and interns. Mike looked down at his golden watch he had snatched from an actor when they weren't looking and noticed it was already 3:58 p.m. He hurried across the set to a brown very well polished door which had a solid gold handle. He silently cursed wishing he had that much money. Slowly he opened the door as it creaked and sat down very quickly in the leather chair that faced Mr. Fudge and his desk. Mr. Fudge was a pudgy man who always had a smile on his face. Every morning he brought coffee for everyone on the set. He was exactly the kind of man Mike detested. Mike didn't mess with Mr. Fudge though, after all Mr. Fudge was the one who ran Marie Studios and his boss as dimwitted as he was.

"Mr. Fudge please make this quick I still have a lot of work to do after all."

"Mike calm down. This will only take a few minutes. Your problem is that you stress too much and you take your anger out on others."

"Mr. Fudge, is this really necessarily?"

"Mike, I need to tell you something."

"Really, I must go." Mike lifted himself off the comfy leather chair and walked to the door about to turn the golden handle and leave.

"Mike, your fired."

"Ha ha ha, very funny now really I must go."

"Mike you really are fired. You have gotten complaints from Sally, Cathy, Naomi, Dan, Mimi, Tom and the list goes on and on. I simply just can't have you working here anymore."

"Mr. Fudge I have worked for you for five years and I always do a magnificent job on the sets."

"Yes I admit you do, but you do it at the cost of others. You fired ten people per movie you work on and it's getting old. Mike we don't need someone who gives off a bad aura and frightens others."

"THIS IS MY JOB AND I WILL NOT LEAVE HERE YOU HEAR ME?!"

"Good bye Mike. You're fired." As Mr. Fudge finished his sentence, two security men came in and dragged Mike out of his office. Mr. Fudge chuckled as he said, "I knew those two security men would be needed when I fired Mike, now to find a new set designer."